

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

"THE JACKET OF BLUE,"
AND
"COUSIN PETER."

BOTH WRITTEN BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITIONS.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

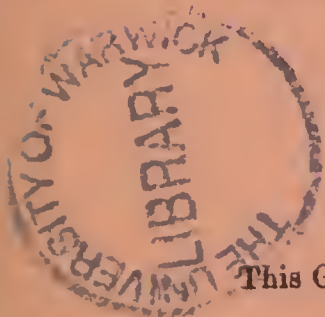
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LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

Nov

THE

GUIDE



This Guide-

HOW TO STUDY

HOW TO READ.

HOW TO DECLAI

HOW TO IMPRO

HOW TO MEMOR

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FIGURE.

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FACE.

HOW TO TREAD THE STAGE.

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LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGE-
MENT.

Extract from the Preface of the Work :—" There are certain difficulties that are inseparable from the earliest phases of the dramatic art. There are others that arise chiefly, if not solely, from the want of practical information, arranged in proper order, and conveyed with due simplicity and clearness of definition. Such difficulties necessarily result in a greater or less degree of disappointment to those who are candidates for dramatic honours ; and not unfrequently lead to the abandonment, almost without actual trial, of the profession of the stage by those who might, if properly directed, have come to be reckoned among its chief ornaments.

" It the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere."

T H E J A C K E T O F B L U E .

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

First Produced at the Royal Pavilion, February 14th, 1833.



D r a m a t i s P e r s o n æ.

[See page 7.

[illegible]

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty Minutes.

No. 552, Dicks' Standard Plays.

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HOW TO EXPRESS THE VARIOUS
PASSIONS AND EMOTIONS.

HOW TO DO BYE-PLAY.

HOW TO COMPORT YOURSELF AS A
LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

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TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty Minutes.

No. 552, Dicks' Standard Plays.

COSTUME.

MR. SAMPSON.—Old man's brown suit, speckled stockings, white wig, shoes, and paste buckles.

STARCHINGTON.—Brown suit, large hat, grey stockings, shoes and plain buckles.

HARRY.—Blue frock coat, white trousers, black handkerchief.

LOBB.—Red stockings, short blue striped trousers, blue bob-tailed jacket, old-fashioned figured waistcoat, long white neckcloth, long-haired carrotty wig.

JACK.—White trousers, shoes and buckles, red waistcoat, blue jacket with pearl buttons, blue shirt with worked collar, small straw hat with blue ribbon round it, black handkerchief.

MRS. SAMPSON.—Old woman's grey silk dress trimmed with black, dress cap, satin ribbons.

CHARLOTTE.—White muslin dress, coral necklace, white satin shoes, blue ribbon to dress head.

POLLY.—Brown striped cotton gown, red petticoat, white apron, mob cap, shoes and buckles.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

*** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

THE JACKET OF BLUE.

SCENE.—A handsome Apartment in the House of Mr. Sampson. Doors F. Table and Chairs.

Enter POLLY, weeping, 1 E. L. H.

Polly. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm sure I shall never see him again—he's drowned or eaten up "all alive O!" as the fisherwomen say. I shall never see him any more; and the consequence will be—oh, dear! that I shall die an old maid. There's a distressing thought!

Enter CHARLOTTE, weeping, 1 E. R. H.

Char. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do—what will become of me? Here's papa swears I shall marry Mr. Starchington, although I declare I hate him. Oh, I'm the most unhappy young lady in the world!

Polly. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'm sartin sure, that I'm the most unhappy young individual in the world!

Char. To lose one's sweetheart for ever and ever!

Polly. To lose one's sweetheart for ever and ever!

Char. And be compelled to marry some one else.

Polly. And have nobody else to marry.

Char. Oh, it's dreadful! Ah, Polly!

Polly. (Screams.) Oh, la! how you frightened me. I beg pardon, miss, but I did not know that you were there.

Char. Nor did I know that you were there. Why, you've been crying, Polly?

Polly. Yes, miss, and so have you.

Char. Why, yes. You see, Polly, my father insists upon my marrying that odious Mr. Ebenezer Starchington—and he's such a strange man with his prim airs and demure face.

Polly. But he's no better than he ought to be, for all that.

Char. How do you know that?

Polly. Oh, I know. The fact is, miss, he's always wanting to kiss me.

Char. Indeed!

Polly. Oh, yes—indeed! and only yesterday, I'm sure he was quite rumbustious!

Char. And what did you do?

Polly. Why, I hope you'll excuse me, miss, but I—I boxed his ear!

Char. His ear?—

Polly. Yes. I hope you are not offended with me?

Char. Oh, dear, no—not at all; only you might as well have boxed both as one, I think.

Polly. Leave me alone to manage it, miss. Do you see this? This little finger nail, I mean? do you see how long and particularly sharp it is? I've been nursing it up for a month past, and now it's

in fine condition; and the next time he affronts me, the lord have mercy on his poor cheek say I!

Char. Oh, Polly, I shall never see my dear Harry any more!

Polly. No, miss—nor I shall never see my dear Jack any more!

Char. Indeed! have you heard of him lately?

Polly. No, miss. I've not heard of him—that's what alarms me.

Char. But how do you know you shall never see him again?

Polly. My heart tells me so. But how do you know that you shall never see Mister Harry again, miss?

Char. My heart tells me so, Polly.

Polly. Then your heart tells you wrong, miss.

Char. I fear not. But I shall never forget him; he is locked up in my heart!—

Polly. And that closet. (Points.)

Char. What do I hear?

(Polly opens door F. and HARRY enters.)

Har. What do I see?

Char. Why Harry!

Har. Dear Charlotte! (They embrace.)

Polly. Oh, lawks! how tantalizing.

Char. Oh, dear Harry, if papa should find you here after forbidding you the house, what will he say?

Har. Listen to me, dear Charlotte. 'Tis my poverty that prevents your father favouring our love: every week do I expect to hear from the Indies news which will make me rich; that news cannot surely be much longer delayed, and then we shall be happy!

Char. Oh, no, dear Harry! you do not know how affairs are going on. My father not only insists upon my giving you up, but likewise requires me to marry a man I detest!

Har. Then my original plan must be adopted: we must fly together.

Polly. An elopement. Oh, delicious!

Char. Impossible, Harry.

Polly. Oh, no, there's nothing impossible if we are determined to do it.

Har. Thank you, Polly—there's half-a-crown for you.

Polly. Oh, sir, I didn't say it for that—I said it because I likes to see fun going on. Howsonever, as you have given me this, why I may as well keep it for luck. Oh, la! oh dear! there's master coming, and mistress, and Mr. Starchington too.

Char. Oh, Harry! where will you go?

Polly. That closet!

Har. Curse the closet—it almost suffocates me!

Polly. In—in, they are just here.

(Pushes him in, D. F.)

Enter MR. and MRS. SAMPSON, and MR. STARCHINGTON, R. H. Polly stands with her back to the door.

Mr. S. Hey! I thought I heard a man's voice in this room?

Polly. It was me, sir.

Mr. S. You! You're not a man!

Polly. Oh, bless you no, sir, I've nothing manly about me. To be sure, my voice sometimes sounds so, but that's the only thing.

Mr. S. Daughter Charlotte, you have long known that I wish you to wed this gentleman: he has this morning again done you the honour of requesting your hand.

Mrs. S. Yes, daughter, and we have done ourselves the honour of accepting the offer in your name.

(Harry peeps out—Polly pushes him back again.)

Char. (Aside.) What can I say?

Starch. Speak, lovely Charlotte! you are the only woman in the world that I care for.

Polly. (Aside.) Then what a lie that was he told me yesterday.

Starch. Bless me with your hand, and I am happy!

Har. (From closet.) I should like to give you my hand!

Mr. S. (Aside to her.) Daughter, do as I tell you. (Polly pushes Harry into closet.)

Mrs. S. Or dread our anger!

Mrs. S. Take her hand, Ebenezer: she is too modest to give it.

(Harry shakes fist at Starchington as he takes her hand—Polly pushes him again into closet.)

Starch. This is the most delightful moment of my life!

Char. This is the most miserable moment of my life!

Har. This is the most provoking moment of my life!

Polly. This is the most troublesome moment of my life! Do keep in the closet.

(Pushes him in, and shuts the door—knocking without.)

Mr. S. Ah! a visitor. Who can it be?

Mrs. S. Indeed I do not know—I'm sure we expect nobody. (Knocking, 1 R. L. H.)

Mr. S. Where's John Lobb? Will nobody go to the door? John, John!

Enter JOHN.

John, don't you know that there's somebody knocking at the street door?

John. Well, sir, I has an idea there is.

Mr. S. Then go directly, and see who it is; and if it is a visitor, show him into this apartment, then come to the drawing-room, and tell us who it is.

John. Yes, sir.

[Exit, L. H.]

Mr. S. Come along, come along—take my arm, Mrs. Sampson. How lucky we are to marry our daughter to such a rich man!

Mrs. S. Lucky indeed, Mr. Sampson!

[Exit Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, Starchington and Charlotte, R. H. Harry bursts from closet.]

Har. I'm bursting!

Polly. So I suppose, for you've burst the closet door open.

Har. That scoundrel! to wish, hope, expect or desire, to win my sweetheart. I'll murder him! I'll destroy him! I'll kick him.

Polly. Give me leave to observe, sir, that if you are found here, you'll be kicked out yourself.

Har. I suppose I shall, Polly.

Polly. True as the day, sir; and as John Lobb is coming this way, there is every probability of the kicking commencing directly.

Har. There is—eh?

Polly. Unless—

Har. Unless what?

Polly. Unless you return to the closet.

Har. Oh, confound the closet! I won't go in any more.

Polly. Now do—just for one moment.

Har. Well then, for one moment. Oh, my dear Charlotte. Confound the closet! (Gets in.)

Polly. And now, sir, for fear you should come out when you ought not to do so, I shall take the liberty of locking the door. (Does so—Harry knocks within.) Oh, it's no manner of use your knocking; be very still, and as soon as the coast is clear, I'll come and let you out. Now I must go to my poor dear missus, what's a-going to be married against her will—only to think, now! the affair is really quite disgraceful!

[Exit.]

Jack. (Without, L. H.) Heave a-head there, will ye?—yeo, yeo!

Enter JOHN, L. H.

John. What a great sea brute this new arrival is: I have an idea I shall positively faint!

Jack. (Without, L. H.) Pilot ahoy! Damme I'm out of my latitude here. Pilot ahoy! (Enters, L. H.) Shiver my timbers; but you are a pretty specimen of a pilot, ain't you? (Seizes his shoulders.) Damme if you'd a man like our old daddy Clewline, our bo'son's mate, to deal with, he'd tip you a dozen afore you could sing out belay there, my hearty!

John. Here, here—let me go. I've an idea I shall have my shoulder squeezed off!

Jack. Eh?—oh, you don't like my grappling irons—eh? Well, there—(looses them)—but why the devil didn't you steer me right into port instead of sheering off in that fashion? Damme, I've seen many a taut lad get a dozen for less than that.

John. I haven't an idea what a dozen is.

Jack. Well, then, there's a treat in store for you, that's all—never mind that. If you don't know what a dozen is, do you know what a guinea is?

John. I has an idea—

Jack. I should think you have: so, here's one for you.

John. (Takes it and bows.) Sir, I have an idea that I shall be most uncommonly proud to have the honour of waiting upon you. (Aside.) Remarkably gentlemanly chap!

Jack. (Half aside.) Belay, belay there! I must remember not to forget what old daddy Clewline told me about these land sharks. Why, as to that, my man, I don't want you to do much for me—only just tell me whether—

Enter POLLY, R. H.

Polly. Mr. Lobb, master wants to know who it is that—

Jack. Why, Mary—Polly—Poll!

Polly. (*Screams*) Oh, my dear Jack!

Jack. Why Polly, my girl, lor'! how glad I am to see you—give us a kiss!

(*They embrace—he kisses her.*)

John. A man that can afford to give away guineas, kissing a servant maid—what an idea!

[*Exit.*]

Polly. Oh, my dear Jack, I'm so glad to see you—I was afraid you were dead.

Jack. Dead! no such thing—I ain't been dead at all, Polly—I give you my davy of it!

Polly. Well, I'm so delighted you are come back again.

Jack. Give us another kiss, Poll—and now tell me about all old friends. But first of all—why are you sailing in these latitudes? when I left England, you were living with your old dad and mammy, and now—

Polly. And now, Jack, I am an orphan, and obliged to go to service; but surely that won't make any difference to you, Jack?

Jack. Oh, but it will though.

Polly. It will?

Jack. Yes, 'cause d'ye see, I shall have to be daddy and mammy, and all to ye, so give us another kiss, Poll! and now tell me about old friends. How's my uncle Sampson, and my aunt, and pretty cousin Charlotte, and all the rest of the ship's crew?

Polly. Oh, they are all very well, and will be delighted to see you, I am sure—but not one so glad as I. Do you know, Jack, I've done nothing but think of you all the time you've been away?

Jack. Have you? Lord love your bright eyes, and hav'n't I been thinking of you, too?—hav'n't I thought a thousand times a-day of the way in which you nursed and 'tended me when I was so ill, the last time I was ashore here? We sailors, Polly, are something like cocoa nuts—rough enough, Heaven knows outside, but still having some of the milk of human kindness stowed away within. Look here, Polly—

(*Produces coral necklace.*)

Polly. Oh, my!

Jack. There, Polly—that's one proof I hav'n't forgotten you.

(*Throws it over her neck.*)

Polly. Oh, my goodness—how beautiful!

Jack. How pretty you do look in it to be sure; and to-morrow, Polly, you must sail out with me, and get rigged with new canvas; and then, damme, you'll be the neatest little craft in the river.

Polly. Oh, thank you, dear Jack! but I'm not at all surprised—I knew your disposition too well to suppose that change of fortune would make any difference in you.

Jack. There you're wrong again, Poll—change of fortune does make a difference in me, for I change my tack directly. If I find an old friend going to leeward, I always begin to like him better than ever!

Polly. I must go and tell master of your arrival, Jack.

Jack. Give us another kiss before you go. [*He kisses—She exits, L. H.*] Lord how happy I am to be sure! Here I am after all my dangers safe back in London, with my Poll and all my old friends. Friends? avast there. Friends? let me see who are my friends. I must remember what old daddy Clewline told me about the land-sharks! howsom-ever this ain't the moment to be suspicious just as

the vessel has been safely steered into harbour. Here they come.

Enter JOHN, POLLY, MR. and MRS. SAMPSON, STARCHINGTON and CHARLOTTE, n. n.

Mr. S. Ah! my dear nephew!

Mrs. S. Oh, my best loved nephew!

Char. Oh, my dearest cousin!

(*They welcome him cordially—the Ladies kiss him.*)

Jack. Ha, ha! how d'ye do? Damme, the sight of you all makes me as lively as though the admiral had observationized for a general engagement: and Charlotte, too—my precious eyes! how you are grown—sprung up from a fishing boat into a ship of the line. Give us another kiss!

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) He gave John a guinea!

Mr. S. And Polly a coral necklace!

Mrs. S. How rich he must have come home.

Mr. S. No doubt of it—his very appearance shows it.—He's got some rich presents for us I dare say. My dear nephew, I can scarcely welcome you enough.

Mrs. S. Nor I either, dear nephew!

(*They embrace him.*)

Starch. (*Aside.*) This naval man is well to do in the world—I must know him. My dear cousin, how d'ye do?

Jack. Cousin! Why, damme, I never saw your figure head afore.

Mr. S. No, my dear nephew, I dare say not; but this gentleman is about marrying into the family, and then he will be your cousin, you know?

Jack. Oh, well I ain't particular, so tip us your hand, mate—the more the merrier, as old daddy Clewline used to say in the galley.

Mrs. S. And now, my dear nephew, do tell us all the wonders you have seen.

Jack. All! tell you *all* the wonders I have seen? whew! Why that's impossible! it would take me long enough to sail from here to Calcutta!

Mr. S. Indeed!

Jack. That it would; and back agin, too. But harkye! if you would like to have a yarn, why I'll spin you one in two minutes. (*Aside.*) There's nothing like a clincher for these landmen!

Mrs. S. Oh, pray do—we shall be delighted to hear it.

All. Oh, yes, we shall all be delighted!

Mr. S. And besides, dinner will be ready by that time.

Jack. Dinner! shiver my timbers but that's a good signal—for my stowage is empty, and a good cargo of beef and pudding is the very thing I should like to take aboard!

Starch. You have met with the enemy, cousin, hav'n't you?

Jack. With the enemy? damme, I believe I have, though. Why the enemy seemed to come in our way naturally as it were, and I thought may be they did it on purpose to put a little money into our lockers; and I axed a prisoner as we had, if it was so? but he said it wasn't, so I suppose it was our luck. But now if you'll listen, I'll spin a yarn (*Aside.*) that shall be fit for the galley, or I'm a Turk!

All. Yes, now for the yarn.

Jack. Well, now, observe this here. Arter I got aboard the Pollyphemus we weighed anchor, and after fifteen days sail we reached the Giants' Island.

All. The Giants' Island? wonderful!

Jack. The Giants' Island. Yes, there they were sure enough walking about the shore ready to eat us up if we tried to land. Howsomdever, we wanted wood and water, d'ye see, and were obligated to send a boat and some men on shore, and a bad job it was for us; for no sooner did it get near the land, than one of these skyscrapers catcht hold of it, and swallowed it down in one gulp.

All. What, swallowed the boat?

Jack. Yes, swallowed the boat, sail, and all!

Mrs. S. And where were the men at the time?

Jack. In the boat.

All. Wonderful! wonderful!

Starch. These monsters must be very big?

Jack. Big! lord love your heart, why the little ones were twice as tall as this house is high; but the grenadiers—if you'd seen the grenadiers! one of 'em used to light his pipe at the moon: howsomdever, I didn't see him.

Mr. S. What dreadful creatures!

Jack. Well, arter that, as we couldn't get no wood and water, we were obligated to land at the very next port we made, and that happened to be the Land of the Fairies.

All. Of the fairies?

Jack. Yes, the land of fairies—and there they were, a lot of little pickanninies, running about in such a qucer fashion; and none o' them as big as pimples on our purser's nose!

Char. Why, how very small they must be?

Jack. Oh, bless your heart, fifty-two of them danced a jig on my thumb nail! (Aside.) Damme, if that isn't coming it! Well, then, I remember, it was just arter seeing this crew of little 'uns, that for the first time I seed the flying fish.

All. The what?

Jack. The flying fish.

All. The flying fish?

Jack. Yes, the flying fish. There they come flying about the ship and over the deck, like so many birds; then arter their flying was over, back they went to the water like fish as they were.

Omnes. (Laugh.) Oh, Jack, Jack, that won't do; that's too bad!

John. Flying fish—what an idea!

Jack. What, don't you believe about the flying fish?

All. No, no, no!

Mrs. S. Really, my dear nephew, this is quite too bad.

Jack. What, you don't believe it—eh? Well, you believe about the giants?

Mrs. S. Oh, yes!

Jack. And the fairies?

Mrs. S. Oh, yes!

Starch. Oh, most decidedly!

Jack. (Aside.) Then damme if this isn't a strange thing, for the only true thing I've told them, is the only thing they don't believe.

Mr. S. Well, well, we'll say no more about the flying fish; but recollect, nephew, you must make this house your own as long as ever you stay here.

Jack. Thankye, uncle—thankye! but—

Mrs. S. No buts, nephew, I beg: at this house you must remain as long as ever you live in London—so that's settled.

Char. Yes, that it is, cousin, so hero you must stay—indeed you must!

Jack. Bless you! bless you all, and every one of ye! I knew you'd be glad to see me—I knew you'd welcome poor Jack home agin arter all the dangers of the ocean. (Half aside.) What a fool I was to

believe old daddy Clewline when he told me I should meet with nothing but landsharks here. Damme, why the old fellow himself must say that such mates as these are worthy the friendship of any man-o'-war's man in the service!

Mrs. S. And now, then, ladies and gentlemen, let's go to dinner.

Mr. S. We're ready, Mrs. S.

Starch. Sir, I am delighted to make your acquaintance!

Jack. (Takes a quid.) Don't name it, old tar: have a bit? (Offers box to Starchington, who declines.) I say, didn't you talk about dinner, uncle?

Mr. S. Yes, nephew. Come along. By-the-bye, how did you get on in money matters during the time you were away?

Jack. Oh, damme! prize money galore. I got it almost for picking it up.

Mrs. S. And when will they pay you, Jack?

Jack. Pay me? Oh, they have paid me; and shiver me, if I don't wish they hadn't paid me—for what with them there sharking lawyers, and those damned slopsellers—who, though they pretend to be open-hearted, straight-for'ard sort of craft, have hearts as hard as the copper bottom of the Dye-a-maid! what between all the lot, I've got no money left now.

Mr. S. No money?

Mrs. S. No money?

Starch. No money?

Jack. (Turns his pockets inside out.) Devil a ha'porth! cargo all discharged—hold empty—not a single shot in the locker!—

Mr. S. What a rough fellow!

Mrs. S. Quite a bear!

Starch. Intolerable brute!

John. I have an idea he's quite disgusting!

Jack. But then, you know, that don't matter at all, uncle. I can make this house my home as long as ever I likes; and annty here, will do all she can to make me comfortable, and you'll do all you can to serve me. Charlotte will assist me—and my new consin, there, who is so delighted to make my acquaintance: he'll do everything he can to help me. So, that among you all I shall do very well; mayhap though, the landlubbers have pirated my cargo, and got to the windward of my good luck!

Mr. S. Oh, I shall put a stop to this!

Mrs. S. I do beg that you will, Mr. S. What business has this imperent fellow to call on us, indeed!

Starch. I think he's an impostor and at all events he a suspicious character; and if he won't go ont, you'd better call the police in. Come along, Charlotte, we'll have nothing to do with such persons.

Jack. (Aside.) It strikes me the tide is turning, and if so, we shall have a stiff breeze springing up presently.

Mrs. S. You'll excuse me, nephew, but dinner's waiting, so I must wish you good-morning. John Lobb, show this person ont!

John. I have an idea you had better go, fellow!

Mr. S. Come, come, come along, Starchington. Come, wife. Come, Charlotte.

John. Come, Polly, don't stand staring at such rubbish—I have an idea he's an humbug!

[Exeunt Sampson, Mrs. Sampson, Starchington, and Charlotte, J. E. R. H. John and Polly, L. H.]

Jack. Well, but I say, you don't mean as how—whew! Well, but I say, Polly, Polly,—whew!

Why, they've weighed anchor and sailed quite out of sight, leaving me here settling to go down among a lot of breakers—won't even give hearing to my signals of distress. Damme, old Clewline was right: he's taken the tether of these land-lubbers, and knows how to keep a taut strain upon the lanyards of their fine words—he said as how they'd behave in this way, and I was fool enough not to believe him: damme, I'm thrown abaft altogether.

Enter JOHN, L. H.

John. Come, I say, am I to hold the door open all day for you, fellow?

Jack. And now I ain't got scarcely one mate here who'll be glad to see, or, who'll sail in company with a craft which like myself is driven to leeward.

John. I have an idea I shall be obliged to turn this fellow out!

Jack. Howsomdever, I suppose I must go—there's nothing but deceit on shore, so I'll be off to sea again.

John. (*Bawls.*) Won't you go?

Jack. Eh? damme, I didn't know there was any one here.

John. I ain't a-going to wait your pleasre, so I've an idea you had better go.

Jack. Harkye, my lad! give us none of your palaver, if you please. I suppose you think I'm water logged; but damme if you mean to insult me cause as how I ain't rich, I shall take the liberty of powdering your jacket, cause as how you ain't civil.

John. I detest persons like you, that ain't fashionable.

Jack. Do you? then I'll read yon a lesson out of a man-o'-war's log. (*Beats him off, R. H.*) Be off, you warmint! That's done me good—that's refreshed me, and now I'll be off. Well, after all's said and done, old daddy Clewline was right—these landsmen are nothing but pirates in disguise, and that I may venture to swear to by every dead eye in the main shrouds; and Poll, too—oh, Poll!

Enter POLLY, L. H.

Polly. Mr. Rudderly!

Jack. Belay, belay there! there's somebody singing ont my name.

Polly. Mr. Rudderly!

Jack. Eh! (*Turns.*) Ahem! Poll!

Polly. You can't think how grieved I am to hear of your ill luck—I'm sure I've been crying my eyes out about it; and as to marrying you—poor girl like me, when I'm sure you can easily marry a rich woman, it's not to be thought of; besides which, you'll excuse me, but I've saved up a few guineas since I have been in service here, and if you will please to accept them until things come round again, why I shall really be very glad!

Jack. Oh, what a damned old liar that daddy Clewline is: I never believed him.

Polly. But if you really still love me, poor or rich, I'll follow you the wide world over!

Jack. Oh, that old villain Clewline, to tell me that all women ashore were deceivers! What, Polly, take your earnings? I should as soon think of taking our best bower for a walking stick.

Polly. And besides—Miss Charlotte, who really loves you, is ashamed of her father's and mother's behaviour, and sends her best regards, and says you shall never want a friend as long as she lives!

Jack. Say it again—say it again! Damme, I thought there wasn't a person in the world who

cared anything about me; and here's two pretty women who do. You've done more with your words than all the mounseers could do with all their bullets—you've touched my heart; and damme, I begin to think my bridle ports have shipped a spray or two somehow.

Polly. Come now, dear Jack, do take it.

Jack. No, Poll, but I'll take you instead: we'll be married out of hand—the parson shall splice the knot to-morrow, and we'll sail in company, Poll, through all the storms and calms of life—eh, Poll?

Polly. There's my hand, Jack.

Jack. And your heart?

Polly. Is your's already.

Jack. Damme, here's the spray coming agin. I'll tell you what it is, Poll, you've double-bitted the cable of affection round my heart never to be loosed agin. But there's one thing more I wish to say, Polly, so you just listen, eoz this is no galley yarn, but a strait honest story. Aboard of our Pollyphemus—lord I love it all the better, because that's your name. Aboard of our ship there's a queer chap who is called old daddy Clewline, and this old fellow says to me just afore I was coming off, "Jack," says he, to me, "Jack, now you mind this here,—all landsmen are sharks, and the women are all deceivers; and if you don't mind, they'll get all your money from you, and then turn you adrift without a shot in your locker, and you on your beam ends." "I don't believe it," says I. "Well," says he, "you're a fool!" "I don't believe that," says I. "Well," says he, agin—"if so be as how you'd find it out, tell them you've got no money, and then you'll find out their bearings."

Enter MR. and MRS. SAMPSON, STARCHING-TON and JOHN, R. H.

"Well," thinks I, "I don't much like sailing under false colours, but howsomdever, I shall certainly find out the right port," so I steered by the old fellow's compass—and the upshot is, Polly, that although I ain't got a penny with me, you only put on your bonnet, and come with me to my berth, and I'll shower into your pretty cap four hundred—and-twenty likenesses of her Majesty, all in gold.

Polly. What, sovereigns, Jack?

Jack. That's it exactly; and more to come yet—and all for you, Polly, 'cause you're not one to sheer off from a craft that is blown about by the gales of adversity—so tuck yourself under my arm, Polly, and—

Mr. S. My dear nephew, we are waiting dinner for you.

Mrs. S. My best love of a nephew!

Starch. My most amiable cousin!

John. Remarkable clever man!

Jack. Avast—avast there! I know all about your tactics. When you thought I was rich then it was—dear nephew! but when you thought I was poor, then you could speak as cool as a breeze off the coast of Greenland.

Mr. S. Quite a mistake, I assure you.

Mrs. S. Oh, dear, quite so!

Starch. Entirely so!

John. I have an idea myself it's a mistake!

Jack. Belay jabbering! you're all alike—all tarred with the same brush; but here comes Charlotte.

Enter CHARLOTTE, L. E. R. H.

Come here, Charlotte, you're a good girl, and for your sake I forgive them. Why, Charlotte, you've

been crying, girl! what's brought the spray into your eyes?

Char. I was so sorry for you, Jack: and besides—

Jack. Besides what?

Char. Besides, my father refuses his consent to my marriage with Harry Vyse, although we have been together all our lives!

Mr. S. Don't you prejudice me in the eyes of my nephew, girl!

Jack. Don't be afeared, the thing's impossible!

Mr. S. The fact is, nephew, Harry Vyse is very poor.

Jack. No he ain't—things are settled at last in India, and I've brought him news that he's as rich as a nabob!

Mr. S. Indeed! then now I am sorry that I gave my consent to her marriage with Mr. Starchington.

Jack. Mr. Starchington! why, that's my new cousin, in the corner there. And I say, Charlotte, do you like him?

Char. No: I hate him!

Jack. And does he know that?

Char. Yes, for I have told him, so.

Jack. I'll have a palaver with him. (*Shoulders his stick, and advances to Starchington.*) I say, messmate, do you mean to marry this young lady against her will?

Starch. Sir, I have her father's consent for her to be my consort.

Jack. Yes, my lad, but you ain't got mine—a British tar has got a peculiarity of never standing by and seeing a woman made unhappy; so, as you're mean enough to insist on a woman's becoming your consart against her wish, why I shall make this here cudgel your consart agin yours!

Starch. What, violence? Mr. Sampson! (*Sampson turns away.*) Mrs. Sampson! (*Mrs. Sampson turns away.*) The scene has changed: I must go. Mr. Rudderly, I can refuse you nothing—I give up the lady.

Jack. There, Charlotte, you hear that?

Starch. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen—I shall take my departure.

Polly. And the sooner the better.

Jack. What do you mean, Polly?

Polly. Why, I mean that he insulted me yesterday.

Jack. Insulted you? my eyes!

(*Darts towards Starchington, and beats him round stage, and out L. H.*)

Jack. Whew! I've cozened my cousin. Bah! he ain't worth talking of—I only wish my old mate, Harry Vyse, was here, and then we should be quite happy!

Polly. Oh, la! oh, dear! oh, my!

Jack. Why, what's the matter, Polly? did he insult you yesterday?

Polly. Oh, dear no—but I'm afraid I've killed him.

Char. Killed him? Oh, Polly!

Mr. S. What, killed the rich Harry Vyse. Oh, the baggage!

Polly. I've locked him up in that closet.

Omnes. That closet?

Polly. And I'm afraid he's suffocated! but I'll see. (*Runs to the door and unlocks it.*)

HARRY enters.

Har. I'm snffocated—I'm suffocated!

Jack. No you ain't, or else you couldn't speak.

Har. Eh!—why, Jack—

Jack. Give us your grappling irons, Harry!—I've got news for you: you're a rich man, and my uncle has given his consent to your union with my eoz, here—(*Harry goes to Charlotte.*)—and I've given my consent to my union with Polly here, and we're all happy; and—

Mr. S. Why, nephew, you are never going to marry a servant, are you?

Jack. Marry a servant! Aye, to be sure—and what of that? d'ye suppose there's no merit except what's on the quarter deck? Damme, to judge by what I've seen to-day I'd sooner go and look for it before the mast, a precious sight. But don't be glumpy. I forgive all the past, and sha'n't enter it in my log! So, there's my hand for you—(*Shakes hands with Mr. Sampson.*)—and my hand for you—(*Shakes hands with Mrs. Sampson.*)—and a kiss for you—(*Kisses Charlotte.*)—and—(*Throws a quid at John.*)—that for you! and there's an end on't! (*Returns to C.—takes Polly's hand.*) My precious eyes! how happy I am, with an approving heart in my bosom—plenty of prize money in my pocket—my sweetheart by my side, and friends around me, all that remains to wish for, is that the friends before me will honour with their approbation The Jacket of Blue.

CURTAIN.

Disposition of Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

CHARLOTTE.
L. H.

HARRY.

POLLY.

JACK.

MR. S.

MRS. S.

JOHN.
R. H.

COUSIN PETER.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

First Produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, October 11, 1841.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 14.]

THE MARQUIS DE LA FOIX (an Aristocratic thief of the amorous order)	...	Mr. Fitzjames.
NICHOLAS BONNE (a plebeian thief, of the "no ways particular" order)	...	Mr. Ross.
GIBELON (a Registrar of Police)	...	Mr. Halford.

Servants, Messenger, &c.

CECILE (the Bride of Gibelon)	...	Mrs. Waylett.
MARGUERITE (a Waiting Woman)	...	Miss Bartlett.

PLACE.—Marli, near Versailles. PERIOD.—Summer—the Present time—Gibelon's Wedding Night. TIME.—That of acting.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Fifty-five minutes.

COSTUME.

MARQUIS.—Splendid uniform, richly decorated, regimental cap.
 NICHOLAS BONNE.—Blouse, belt, buckle, red kerchief, small hat, boots.
 GIBELON.—Full dress, light silk breeches and stockings—afterwards, regimental coat, sash, sword, and hat.
 CECILE.—White satin dress, trimmed, head dress of orange blossoms.
 MARGUERITE.—White bodice, striped petticoat, and cap.

COUSIN PETER.

SCENE.—A large well-furnished Saloon in the house of Gibelon. Folding doors c. F. A door L. H. leading to a clothes closet—another R. H. leading to the library. All the doors have practicable locks. A large casement, with shutters—a bar to fasten them within—and handsome curtains hanging from gilt pole in flat, L. H. A large table with rich cover R. H. back, on which are pens, ink, writing paper, a large pile of papers and an empty jewel box. Several chairs and a sofa, on which Gibelon's regimental dress is lying—an easy chair L. H. Carpet down. Stage dark.

Enter MARGUERITE cautiously, D. F.—beyond which is seen a handsome corridor, well lighted.

Marg. Now is the time to admit the Marquis. All the guests are dancing away in the ball-room—*(Music within.)*—and he may creep in unobserved. *(Goes to elbow chair, lifts up the seat, and takes from under it a rope ladder—she goes to casement, opens it, and looks out—very dark landscape beyond.)* I wonder if he be there? Hist! hist!

Marquis. *(Without—below.)* Hist! hist! I am here!

Marg. *(Throwing out ladder.)* Here is the ladder, my lord—but pray mind how you come up: for the night is very dark, and a single false step might send you into the horse-pond.

Mar. *(Ascending.)* Trust to me, my pretty abigail—*(Appears at casement.)*—I am used to such affairs.

Marg. No doubt of it. Indeed, my lord, people say you are the greatest rake in Marli.

Mar. *(Comes to stage.)* Do they so? Well, the people might be farther wrong. But who is to blame if I am so? who, but the dear and lovely little ladies who encourage me? *(During this Marguerite has drawn in the rope ladder, replaced it under the chair, and closed casement. Music within.)* What! the ball not over yet?

Marg. No, my lord; but I don't think the people will stay much longer—some are going already. Here you had better remain in darkness. It is probable you may not be discovered; but if anybody does enter this apartment, retire into this little room. Lock yourself in, and then you will be safe. *(Guides him cautiously to L. H. D.)*

Mar. Thank you, pretty Marguerite. You have managed this affair with great skill—here is the money I promised you. *(Gives purse.)*

Marg. Thank you, my lord. I will now leave you, my lord, lest I should be missed—

Mar. I think you had better.

Marg. *(Lingering.)* Yes, my lord. Ahem! ahem! I beg your pardon, my lord, but you—you have not given me what you promised—

Mar. Indeed but I have—nay, more—

Marg. I didn't mean the money, my lord. I meant—I mean—

Mar. Oh, the kiss. Well, you shall have it. *(He kisses her.)*

Marg. Thank you, my lord. *(Aside.)* It isn't every girl that can say she's been kissed by a real lord!

(Exit D. F.)

Mar. So, so, pretty Cecile! you take the opportunity of my being absent at Versailles to marry, eh? But you shall not escape me thus—that I have sworn! I never was cheated by a woman before, and will not be so now. All the world would laugh at me! *(Sits.)* Let me see—this is the wedding night. In a few minutes the guests will all be gone—then I have arranged for the husband to be called out, and then I shall have the bride all to myself! Yes, yes—that's the plan; and a very good one it is. But I'm the nephew of the prime minister, and consequently cannot be otherwise than clever. *(Noise without—he starts up.)* Somebody is coming. I fancied I saw a gleam of light. I must retreat to the spot that little wench pointed out. *(Feels his way to L. H. D.)* This is it—key inside, too! that was thoughtful—in I go!

(Exit L. H. D., closes, and locks it within.)

Enter NICHOLAS BONNE, cautiously, D. F. He produces dark lantern, and looks round.

Bon. Yes—this is the room, I have got a map of the premises. *(Produces paper.)* It's always my plan before I commit burglary, to get a map of the place I mean to rob—it's excessively convenient. According to my plan there are three doors to this room. The one by which I entered—one here and one there. Quite right. There they are: one leads to a clothes closet—the other to the library. I wonder how long the guests will remain here. In the confusion created by the ball I have slipped in unperceived, and as soon as the people are gone, and the others gone to bed, I shall proceed to business. I understand the bride has some very beautiful diamonds presented to her by her newly-married husband: and besides, it will be an exploit worthy of even *me myself*, to rob the house of a man eminent in the police, on his wedding-day. *(Noise without.)* The guests are going!

Gib. and Cec. *(Without.)* Good night—good night?

Bon. They are coming this way! I must hide somewhere for an hour. The clothes closet will do *(Goes to L. H. D.)* but, c'gad, it's locked! If the library be locked too, it will be awkward. *(Goes to R. H. D.)* No—this is open. Here I will conceal

myself, and lock myself in. I dare swear the new married couple won't want to read to-night! I must mind how I go—for my plan shows me that glass vases are scattered about the chamber.

[Exit R. H. D. which he closes, and locks within.]

Enter MARGUERITE, C. D., with two lighted candles, followed by GIBELON and CECILE. Cecile has a bouquet of flowers in her bosom. They enter arm in arm, with wedding favours, Marguerite places candles on table. Stage light.

Gib. There, madame—now you are at home.

Cec. At home! How odd it sounds to be at home here! But how very much more so, to be called madame instead of mademoiselle.

Gib. Ah, Cecile! you will get used to matrimony after a time.

Cec. Well, I suppose I shall.

Gib. Now, Marguerite, you may leave us, and join the rest of my servants, who are drinking and dancing gaily at the village to commemorate my wedding.

Marg. Thank you, monsieur. I'm sure I wish you every happiness—and you too, madame—

Gib. There, that will do—go along—

Marg. Yes, monsieur. (Aside.) How anxious they are to be alone together! Well—it's natural enough. I know I should like it myself. I'll go, monsieur, this very moment.

Cec. And be sure you shut the garden gate after you.

Marg. Oh, trust to me, madame—

Cec. (Laughing.) Madame!

Marg. I'll be sure to do that. Good night—good night! Oh, what a delightful thing it must be to be married!

[Exit, D. F.]

Gib. At last we are alone, and welcome enough the quiet is, after the noise of the ball-room.

Cec. (Sits.) Indeed it is. I can assure you I want a little rest.

Gib. I should think so, after dancing so much.

Cec. I could not refuse—you know that.

Gib. Well, well—in this quiet little country house at Marli we shall be very comfortable. And do you know, Cecile, the Lieutenant of Police has been kind enough to give me three days absence to enjoy the honeymoon.

Cec. Now that was very kind!

Gib. Very kind, indeed: especially when one considers that I am his right hand. His right hand? I might say his right arm—shoulder included. But he shall find I am not ungrateful, for I have brought with me from Versailles a number of papers to examine—(Produces papers.)—but not to-night. (Places papers on the table.) No, no—now I have metal more attractive. (Goes and sits by Cecile, and takes her hand.) Ah, Cecile! how grateful I ought to be to you for your marrying me!

Cec. Grateful, Gibelon? Oh, no! I consulted my own happiness in doing so; and, besides, you are my father's friend—

Gib. That's true; but then remember the rich and titled rivals I had—who used to go to your father's shop under pretence of eating pastry, but in reality to talk to you—who pretended to eat puffs, but who, in fact, only tried to puff you up with vanity, and who swallowed ices by the dozen to prove the warmth of their love!

Cec. I never cared anything about them, Gibelon. They used to amuse me, and make me laugh, but

nothing more. There was one gay nobleman, though, among them, whose assiduity was perfectly laughable.

Gib. The Marquis de la Foix?

Cec. The same. For a month together he scarcely quitted the shop. I thought, perhaps, he wanted to learn the business, and I asked father to take him as an apprentice.

Gib. (Aside.) Ah, it was quite a different business he wanted to learn. He's very rich.

Cec. He's very loving!

Gib. I never saw him; but the people say he is irresistible.

Cec. So I found him!

Gib. (Starts up.) What! You found him irresistible, Madame Gibelon?

Cec. Yes, I found him irresistible. (Pulls Gibelon down to seat.) Sit down, Gibelon. Yes, I found him irresistible—irresistibly funny!

Gib. Oh—ah!

Cec. Yes, I laughed at him with all my heart. But, speaking of hearts, Gibelon—let me tell you, you are the only man who ever interested mine.

Gib. Dear Cecile! I only wish my station in society had been higher for thy sake.

Cec. But I am satisfied. (Rises.) Everybody will say as I go along the street—(crosses to R. H.)—there is Madame Gibelon, the wife of the Registrar of Police!

Gib. (Rises.) Bravo! bravo!

Cec. And besides, in consequence of the station you hold, I shall hear all the news before anybody else, and shall be first with all the gossip, and that's a very great point with a woman! Yes, I shall hear everything—all the robberies and all the assignations—and all the duels—and all the murders—and all the other bits of fun! Oh, that's capital!

Gib. Oh, my dear wife—how I love you! Come to my arms! (Going to embrace her—house bell rings.) Why what the deuce is that?

Cec. It sounded like a bell.

Gib. Very like a bell!

(Bell rings.)

Cec. It is the bell at the garden gate.

Gib. I shan't go, whoever it is. (Bell rings.) I'm not at home! (Bell rings.) I'm gone out to a party! (Bell rings.) I'm out of the way! (Bell rings.) I won't see anybody! (Bell rings.) It's preposterous to disturb a man on his wedding night. (Bell rings.) The devil! They are determined to see me. (Bell rings without intermission.) There—there's a row. I must speak to them—I'll do so from the casement. I will not go down to the door. (Opens window.) Silence—silence! you'll crack the drums of our ears. Be quiet—don't you see I'm out? Don't you see there's nobody at home?

Messenger. (Without.) You must go instantly to Versailles. You are wanted on most important business by the Lieutenant of Police.

Gib. Wanted at Versailles? and at this moment, too! (Closes casement.) Oh, it's too bad—it's too bad!

Cec. What will you do?

Gib. Oh, I must go, or lose my situation. Doubtless something very desperate has taken place, and the only chance of saving the nation has been to send for me. But to leave my bride at this moment—and yet I must go! To leave you, Cecile, in this house by yourself, all alone, and nobody with you—all the servants gone to the village—and yet I must go!

Cec. Never mind, Gibelon, if you must go. I shall

not be frightened—I am accustomed to be very much alone. When I kept the house of my uncle, who is a sailor, I was very often by myself. But pray be back as soon as you can.

Gib. Indeed, Cecile, you may depend upon it I shall do so. I'll lock all the doors, inside and out, and then I shall be sure of your safety. (*Goes to R. H. D.*) Ah, this is already locked. This—(*goes to L. H. D.*)—so is this, likewise. Now for the casement—(*closes casement, fastens shutters inside, and draws curtains*)—there! I will lock the door of this chamber after I leave it, and then I shall know you are safe. Good bye, Cecile—give me a kiss! (*Kisses her.*)

Cec. Good bye! Don't be long.

Gib. But stay—I must put on my dress. Help me, dear Cecile.

Cec. Oh, that I will!

Gib. This is a task you will often have. (*Puts on regimental coat, sash, hat and sword, assisted by her.*) There—thank you, Cecile. Give me another kiss.

Cec. Oh, that I will. (*Kisses him.*) Oh, how nice you do look! There, go along—but pray return as soon as possible.

Gib. Ah, that I will. I shan't be more than an hour, unless something very important indeed has taken place. Good bye—good bye!

Cec. Good bye—good bye! [*Exit Gibelon, D. F. He is heard to lock doors without.*] Well, it is rather vexing that one's husband should be called away in this manner; but I know he will hurry back again. What shall I do to amuse myself? There's that pretty little song Octavie taught me last week—I will see if I can remember it.

SONG.—(*Introduced.*)

Heigho! (*Sees jewel-box.*) Ha! I may as well take off my jewellery now, for all the guests are gone. (*Takes off bracelet, earrings, armlet, necklace, &c., and puts them into the box.*) What shall I do next? I will fetch a romance from the library—(*goes to R. H. D., and puts her hand upon the handle, and then pauses,*)—yet, no—I have thought of something more entertaining. I will look over the police reports—there I shall find the latest news. (*Goes to table and takes up the papers Gibelon had laid there.*) Here are papers, with the contents of which even my husband himself is unacquainted. Now I really shall get the latest intelligence. (*Reads from different papers.*) “Mademoiselle Juliette Bonbon is about to elope from her father's house with M. Antoine Victor—.” Interesting fact! (*Reads.*) “Raveillae the murderer has been seen in Paris.” Well, I hope he will stay there, and not come here. (*Reads.*) “Especial notice to the Registrar.” Hey dear! what's this? (*Reads.*) “The celebrated clever thief, named Nicolas Bonne, is lurking about your little country seat at Marli.” Oh, my! (*Reads.*) “It is supposed that his object is to plunder the dwelling, and particularly to obtain possession of your wife's jewels.” Oh, gracious! Here's a description of his person. (*Reads to herself—muttering.*) I think I should know him now, if I saw him. Oh, dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be if he got into the house, and no one but poor me in it! But then how could he get in, now that Gibelon has fastened all the doors? No, no—I am quite safe. What says the next paper? Why, this too, is an “Especial notice to the Registrar.” Surely there's not another thief coming for my jewels? (*Reads.*) “At a meeting of gay young noblemen and officers yesterday, the

Marquis de la Foix entered into a heavy wager that he would sleep at your house on your marriage night, and bring away with him the marriage bouquet of your bride.” What insolence! To bear away with him my marriage bouquet! 'Tis plain my contempt angered him. So there are two persons trying to get into this house to-night? Ah, well—I'm not at all frightened. My husband has locked all the doors—everything is perfectly safe. I'm not at all frightened—not at all. (*A loud crash of glass in library—she screams, and starting violently, overturns a chair, and some of the papers.*) It's the thief! It's the marquis! I'll run away! I can't—the door is locked outside! If the thief sees me! Yes, if I'm found I'm lost!

(*Bonne peeps from R. H. D.*)

Bon. I've knocked over one of the vases. I thought I should!

Cec. Oh, dear! There he is! Ahem! (*Loudly.*) Ahem!

Bon. Ha! some one up still.

[*Exit R. H. D., closing it.*]

Cec. It's the thief! I could swear to him! What shall I do! Fear will not save me, that's certain. I'll go into this clothes closet, and lock myself in. (*Noise at L. H. D.*) Mercey on us! Somebody there, too? What is to be done? (*The L. H. D. opens slowly—the MARQUIS enters.*) The Marquis here also! How can I manage to save myself and my jewels? Courage—courage—

Mar. (*Aside.*) My messenger has called away the intruding husband—now for the lovely bride. Sweetest, be not alarmed—

Cec. Oh, dear no! I'm not at all alarmed.

Mar. My unexpected presence—

Cec. Not unexpected. I knew you were here.

Mar. You did? Why how could you know?

Cec. At a meeting of gay young noblemen and officers, a certain marquis made a very uncertain wager—

Mar. Why how did you know that?

Cec. (*Shows paper to Marquis.*) The police know everything, I'm a policeman—that is, I'm a police-woman—so I know everything.

Mar. Curse the police! Walls have ears. But, after seeing that paper, how came your husband to leave you?

Cec. He saw it not.

Mar. (*Joyfully.*) Ha! what you concealed it from him?

Cec. (*Lovingly.*) At least I have not concealed it from you. (*He kisses her hand, delighted.*) Oh, marquis! (*Aside.*) How easy it is to deceive a man!

Mar. Then after all, you love me—after all, you mean to make me happy? Oh, charming—charming Cecile! (*Aside.*) She can't resist me—no woman can! My sweet—my lovely darling!

Cec. (*Sighs with pretended languor.*) Oh, my dear marquis—oh! (*Laughs aside—silly.*) What silly creatures men are!

Mar. (*Falls on his knees.*) Oh, this is a delightful moment—the woman I love, loves me! Amiable Cecile! how shall I express my gratitude—how shall I—

Cec. (*Interrupts him.*) I think you had better not speak so loud—

Mar. Not speak so loud? Why not?

Cec. Lest you should be overheard.

Mar. Oh, be not alarmed on that score. Your husband and all the servants are away. We are quite safe, and shall not be disturbed for an hour

at least. Let us make the best use of that time. Nay, be not fearful—there is no one here but you and I—

Cec. There you are quite deceived.

Mar. Deceived! Why is there anybody here?

Cec. There is.

Mar. The devil there is! (*Rises.*) Where is he?

Cec. Concealed in the library—(*Points to door.*)—there.

Mar. Concealed! And pray who is it?

Cec. My cousin.

Mar. (*Doubtfully.*) Your cousin?

Cec. Yes—my cousin.

Mar. Cousin who?

Cec. Cousin Peter.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Curse cousin Peter! Why did he come here, and how?

Cec. How, I know not; and I fear it was love for me that brought him. He found that my husband was called out to Versailles, and secreted himself somewhere in the house until he was gone—then presented himself to me. I trembled violently at the sight of him, and I know not what would have happened, but that at that moment a noise from my chamber alarmed him.

Mar. Myself coming forth, no doubt.

Cec. Very likely: and he hastily ran for concealment into that chamber; but before he did so, I warned him to be careful in his conduct to me, for that my nurse was with me, and that it was her approach he heard.

Mar. Your nurse? Zounds, that was turning me into an old woman! I'll go and throw cousin Peter out of the window!

Cec. (*Stops him.*) Hold—hold! He will resist—there will be a quarrel—the neighbourhood will be alarmed—

Mar. Then at once elope with me, and leave your cousin Peter alone in his glory. Such charms as these would be lost—would be thrown away upon a Peter!

Cec. (*With pretended languor.*) Ah, too fascinating marquis! what do you propose? (*Aside.*) If I can but save my jewels from the thief!

Mar. Listen, dearest. My carriage is close at hand—fly with me to my lofty castle: the distance is not far to travel. Fly from your low-minded, jealous-pated husband. Surely it is better to be the mistress of a marquis—and that marquis the nephew of a prime minister—than to be wife to a petty officer of police.

Cec. (*With apparent alarm.*) Oh, dear—oh, dear! If cousin Peter should surprise us together—

Mar. Let us fly at once! Confide in my love, dear Cecile. (*Aside.*) Damn Peter!

Cec. (*Coquettishly.*) I've a great mind to say yes!

Mar. Oh, you adorable creature! Come, let us leave this spot, and fly to the bower of love.

Cec. Give me time to put on my cloak, then—I cannot go without that. And here, marquis—(*Takes jewel box.*)—please to take care of my jewels.

Mar. Oh, never mind the jewels—I will buy you some more. You are my jewel!

Cec. No, no—I cannot go without my jewels. They are family jewels.

Mar. Well, well—give them to me. (*Puts jewel box into his pocket.*) And now, my lovely Helen, your Paris awaits you.

Cec. Hush—hush! Retire back to your closet, and remain there until I give the signal for you to come forth. I must attire for the journey.

Mar. Don't be long.

Cec. No, no! But pray go back—I am so afraid of cousin Peter.

Mar. Hang Peter! What is the signal to be?

Cec. I will clasp my hands, thus—

(*Claps her hands three times.*)

Mar. (*Takes one of the candles from table.*) I shall eagerly listen for the glad sound! Don't be long.

Cec. No, I won't be long!

Mar. I shall wait for the signal.

Cec. Of course you will—(*Aside.*)—and a long time you'll have to wait—for I shall never give it.

Mar. Oh, you dear, delightful, amiable, exquisite woman!

Cec. (*Hurrying him through L. H. D.*) Oh, you dear, delightful, amiable, exquisite—silly, stupid fellow! My diamonds are safe—the thief will never get them from the marquis! Yes; I have been playing off the thief against the marquis, now I will try the marquis against the thief! (*She blows out candle. Stage dark.*) The darkness may tempt my other unwelcome visitor forth. Yes yes—he opens the door!

(*Bonne peeps from R. H. D.*)

Bon. All's dark now! They are gone to bed at last. I thought I heard the registrar leave the house. Yes, yes—all's quiet now; so I'll proceed at once to business.

Cec. Peter! Peter!

Bon. (*Aside.*) What do I hear?

Cec. Peter, is that you?

Bon. (*Aside.*) A woman's voice! What's in the wind now?

Cec. Answer me, Peter, if it be you! Is it Peter?

Bon. (*Aside.*) There's some mistake here. I wonder whether she's pretty? Well, I'll answer yes, anyhow. Yes—it's me—it's Peter.

Cec. My husband has fallen asleep; so I have stolen away from him to come and meet you.

Bon. Oh! (*Aside.*) Some unhappy marriage, I suppose, where the wife prefers somebody else to the husband—

Cec. But though he sleeps, it is but a dog-sleep; so we must be very cautious, or we shall wake him, and I shouldn't like that.

Bon. No—no more should I!

Cec. I shouldn't wish him to find me absent.

Bon. And I shouldn't wish him to find me here!

Cec. Dear Peter! don't you love me?

Bon. (*With a gruff sigh.*) Yes—of course I do.

Cec. And I am not ungrateful. You wrote to me saying you were coming here to-night.

Bon. Oh! I did, did I?

Cec. But it was very imprudent of you to come.

Bon. Oh, was it?

Cec. So jealous as you know my husband is. Why he has two loaded pistols by his bedside, and would—if he knew you were here—kill you directly.

Bon. Oh, the devil! I must mind what I'm about!

Cec. But these are not half of his precautions. He has placed five men round the house outside, with guns and blunderbusses loaded to the muzzles, and they are to fire upon any man leaving this house.

Bon. Indeed! This becomes interesting. (*Aside.*) wonder who Peter is, and why he comes here?

Cec. Oh, my dear Peter—my sweet cousin;

Bon. Oh, Peter's her cousin!

Cec. I may say my poor Peter, for death surrounds thee.

Bon. (*Aside.*) Death? Zounds, I wish I hadn't come.

Cec. No answer? Let me hear thy sweet voice—

Bon. I can't talk much—I've got a cold. (*Aside.*) If she finds out who I am, it's all over with me.

Cec. What had we better do in this danger?

Bon. Why, I think I'd better go away, and come back again the day after to-morrow—

Cec. But how? Every door is fastened.

Bon. But can't I get through the garden?

Cec. Yes; you might manage to go that way, because I have the key of the gate. Well, Peter, in one word, I consent to your proposal.

Bon. My proposal? (*Aside.*) I wonder what that is!

Cec. I will fly with you!

Bon. Fly with me? (*Aside.*) She wants to go with me. Very well. Anything, so long that I can get away. Five men with guns and blunderbusses, loaded to the muzzles—and one more, with two pistols loaded beyond the muzzles! Let's go—let's go, this very moment—

Cec. Stay—you must wait a few minutes. I must go back to my desk, to fetch your loving letter.

Bon. Oh, letters—never mind the letters?

Cec. Never mind the letters? Peter, I wouldn't lose your delightful love letters for worlds.

Bon. Oh, pooh, pooh! Perhaps you'll wake your husband—

Cec. I'll risk everything sooner than lose your love letters. I will never part with them.

Bon. Well, if you are determined to go for the letters, you may as well bring some other things as well.

Cec. What other things?

Bon. Why, say your jewels—your diamonds—

Cec. Oh, surely you do not need such trifles as those, when I fly with you?

Bon. Oh, yes I do—decidedly. I insist upon it you bring your jewels!

Cec. Hush! Be not angry—I will bring them. You wait here, and remain quiet.

Bon. You will not be long?

Cec. No, no—

Bon. If you go and don't return?

Cec. What a ridiculous idea! Do you think I would deceive my cousin Peter?

Bon. No, I don't suppose you would. But give me some pledge that you mean to return.

Cec. I will. (*Aside.*) I know not what to give him!

Bon. (*Aside.*) She'll give me some rich jewel!

Cec. (*Aside.*) Ah, the bouquet! (*Takes bouquet from bosom, and gives it him.*) Monsieur le Marquis wanted the bouquet, and he has got the jewels—Monsieur le Thief wanted the jewels, and he has got the bouquet.

Bon. (*Aside.*) Flowers! Oh, pooh! this isn't worth anything.

Cec. Remain here quite quiet and still till I return—move not, or you die!

Bon. I'll be quiet.

Cec. (*Goes to R. H. D.*) Hush, not a word. (*Aside.*) The marquis awaits the lady there—the thief awaits the jewels there—and here I will await my husband. Gentlemen, I wish you a very, very, very good night.

[*Exit R. H. D.*]

Bon. She's gone for the jewels. I have heard

they are very valuable. Egad, it was a fortunate thing for me she happened to take me for her cousin Peter, for if I had ventured to show myself at the house door, a nice chance I should have had of it, with six men, two pistols, and five guns! But I wonder where the real cousin Peter is? It would be very unfortunate if I should happen to meet with him. But let's think better of it. Suppose, now, if I get off with this girl—of course when she finds out the mistake she'll leave me—that I can bear: but the diamonds remain with me—I could not bear to part with them. Oh, Nicholas Bonne, what a bright future there is before you. I shall sell these jewels—I shall get ten thousand crowns for them—I shall retire from my profession—I shall sell the good will of my business—I shall take a country house—I shall be as happy as the day is long! (*Claps his hands three times joyfully.*)

Enter MARQUIS, from L. H. D. with the lighted candle and jewel box. Stage light.

Mar. I hear the signal—here I am accordingly.

Bon. Hullo!

Mar. (*Aside.*) The real cousin Peter! The deuce!

Bon. (*Aside.*) The real cousin Peter! The devil!

Mar. (*Aside.*) This will prevent my eloping with the lady!

Bon. (*Aside.*) This will prevent my eloping with the lady. Effrontery is the only thing to aid me. Monsieur, you ought to be ashamed—

Mar. Hush, hush! Speak low.

Bon. Nothing would suit me better.

Mar. Do you know me?

Bon. Of course I do.

Mar. And I know you.

Bon. (*Uneasily.*) Know me?

Mar. Yes—and why you came here.

Bon. Why I came here? (*Aside.*) The devil!

Mar. You doubt me? A word in your ear. If Gibelon caught you here, he'd shoot you.

Bon. That's true. And he'd serve you ditto, ditto.

Mar. I suppose so. It was odd enough we should come the same night for the same object.

Bon. (*Aside.*) For the same object? Oh, oh—so he's a thief too! and, as I live, he has got the jewel box in his hand! Cousin Peter has succeeded.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Lucky dog! He has got the bouquet in his hand. Cousin Peter has succeeded.

Bon. (*Aside.*) How to get the jewels?

Mar. (*Aside.*) How to get the bouquet?

Bon. (*Aside.*) The woman will be here directly, and I shall lose my chance.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Cecile will be here directly, and I shall lose my charmer. Harkye, my lad. I dare be sworn you do not love the girl so well as I do.

Bon. (*Aside.*) Hey? Who does he take me for now?

Mar. Resign her to me. Give me that bouquet—take yourself off about your business—

Bon. (*Aside.*) Just what I should like!

Mar. And these jewels are yours.

Bon. What? I consent—I agree! (*Takes jewels and gives bouquet.*) I resign her.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Cousin Peter is a cupboard lover!

Bon. (*Aside.*) Cousin Peter is a fool. But how am I to get out?

Mar. Follow me. But hide there—(*Points to L. H. D.*)—for a few moments.

Bon. (*Aside.*) I've got the jewels; and now—(*To him*)—and now the sooner I am off the better it will suit me.

Mar. Be content. You shall not be delayed many moments. (*Noise without.*) Ha! that noise! In—in—you will be seen—

Bon. Heaven forbid!

[*Exit hastily, L. H. D.*]

Mar. I verily think Gibelon has returned.
Cecile—Cecile.

Enter CECILE, R. H. D.

Cec. Did anybody call?

Mar. Call! Yes; here is your husband returned. We shall be detained. Quick—quick—the ladder of ropes—

Cec. But cousin Peter?

Mar. I've seen him.

Cec. Seen him?

Mar. Yes; in this very room.

Cec. (*Aside*) Well, that's very clever; for it's more than I ever did!

Mar. He has resigned you to me. I have bought him off with your jewel box.

Cec. With my jewel box? Oh, I begin to understand. But he is not gone?

Mar. No; he follows us.

Cec. (*Aside*) Then all will yet be right.

Gib. (*Without*) Now to unlock the door—

Cec. My husband comes! Quick—quick into the library. Conceal yourself until I can get rid of him, and then—

Mar. And then—

Cec. And then you shall receive the reward your conduct so amply merits.

Mar. Adorable woman, accept my thanks!

(*She hurries him into R. H. D.*)

Enter GIBELON, D. F.

Gib. I am furious—I am furious!

(*Throws the chairs about.*)

Cec. So you are returned at last?

Gib. Yes, I am returned and turned as well. Turned from calmness to rage.

Cec. What's the matter?

Gib. Matter? Matter enough to drive fifty new-married men mad! When I reached Versailles, I found the lieutenant asleep in bed. I insisted upon seeing him. At last he got up to receive me, and then, to his rage, and my horror, I found out that—

Cec. It was all a trick.

Gib. You knew it, eh? And pray, Madame Gibelon, how do you happen to know it was a trick?

Cec. One of the gentleman you left with me told me so.

Gib. One of the gentlemen I left with you? Why I left no gentlemen with you.

Cec. Indeed but you did, though!

Gib. Why, I locked the doors!

Cec. Just so. And locked the gentlemen up with me.

Gib. No?

Cec. Fact! and one of them has sworn to sleep here to-night, and carry off with him my marriage bouquet—the Marquis de la Foix—

Gib. The devil! I think I see his hoofs.

Cec. The other wants my jewels. But be not alarmed, Gibelon. The thief has protected me from the marquis, and the marquis has ruined the hopes of the thief.

Gib. Oh—ah! I see—I see! (*Aside*) I'm all in the dark.

Cec. Do you understand?

Gib. Oh, yes—I understand. (*Aside*) I understand nothing at all about it!

Cec. Still are they here.

Gib. Here! what, now? Why, where are they concealed?

Cec. There—and there!

(*Points R. and L. H.*)

Gib. Hush—hush! I have brought our men back from the village—I'll call them.

(*Goes to D. F. and beckons off—*

Marquis peeps from R. H. D.)

Mar. (*Softly*) Has the time arrived?

Cec. No, no, my dearest marquis; but in another minute all will be well. (*Sees Bonne opening L. H. D.*) Hush—hush! go back.

(*Pushes door to, and runs to L. H. D.*)

Bon. (*Softly*) Are you ready?

Cec. (*Imitating Marquis*) In another minute I shall be.

Bon. Very well, cousin Peter; only be as quick as you can. I never like to loiter over business.

(*Cecile shuts door upon him.*)

Enter several SERVANTS, D. F.

Gib. Now, madame, which is the marquis, and which the thief?

Cec. (*Aside*) Now the marquis shall pay for his impertinent wager. (*Points to R. H. D.*) The thief is there!

Gib. (*To servants*) Go, secure and bring him hither. (*Servants go into R. H. chamber.*) For the marquis, I will myself attend him.

Cec. Stay. See how quickly I will bring him forward. (*Imitates Marquis*) Come forth—the time is come!

(*BONNE enters L. H. D., and is instantly seized by servants.*)

Bon. Ha! taken at last! (*Noise within.*)

Mar. (*Within*) Villains, unhand me! Scoundrels, you shall pay for this! (*He enters R. H. D., struggling with servants.*) Do you know who I am?

Gib. Perfectly well—nobody knows better. Hold him tight, lads; and if he struggles much, put a pair of handcuffs on him!

Mar. Handcuffs! I shall faint!

Gib. My lord, you see your scheme has failed—

Bon. My lord!

Mar. Cousin Peter a lord!

Gib. How came you in that eloset?

Bon. I dropped in by accident, passing along. Quite a chance, I assure you.

Gib. Well—quite by accident, passing along—you shall be dragged through the horsepond: and you, you rascal, shall go to the Conciergerie.

Mar. The Conciergerie! Me! a man of my rank go to the Conciergerie?

Gib. Your rank? Ha, ha, ha!

Cec. Your rank—ha, ha, ha! Oh, you rank very high, no doubt. The Baron of Burglars, and the Prince of Pickpockets.

Mar. Why, Cecile! I'm petrified! I'm going quite cold all over.

Gib. Away with them? Look one up, and put the other down.

Mar. I won't be locked up—I'm a lord.

Bon. Ha! Cousin Peter a lord?

Gib. Hark ye, sirrah. I am appointed by my superior to administer justice, and shall do so, whether the offender be rich or poor, titled or not. Look at that man—now he is a peer of France.

Mar. The deuce he is!

Bon. (*Aside.*) The devil I am! I thought I was a pickpocket of France!

Gib. He has committed an act which, unfortunately, the law does not reach, yet I shall punish him. You are a poor man, who has committed a crime the law does reach—you I can therefore punish severely, and shall do so: and give me leave to tell you that if it had been the reverse, I should have done just the same thing. Away with them!

Mar. (*Struggling.*) No, no—hear reason—

Bon. (*Struggling.*) No fish-pond!

Mar. Ceeil has thrown cold water on my hopes!

Bon. They're going to throw cold water upon my head!

Mar. I've got into troubled waters!

Bon. And I am going to get into troubled waters.

Mar. and Bon. Help—mercy—mercy!

(*As they drag them up the stage.*)

Cec. (*Who has been speaking with Gibelon.*) Yes, yes—you really must forgive them. Hold, men—bring down your prisoners. (*They bring them down.*) I believe, monsieur, you have a jewel box of mine?

Bon. Hey? (*Produces it unwillingly.*) I rather think I have something of the kind.

Cec. Please to give it me. (*Takes it.*)

Bon. (*Aside.*) That's a robbery!

Gib. What, guarded it from the thief? Well, that was a trait of delicate attention, after all.

Cec. I believe, monsieur, you have a bouquet of mine?

Mar. Madame, 'tis here. (*She takes it.*)

Cec. Under all the circumstances of the case, I think all parties are sufficiently punished: and so,

by your leave, dear Gibelon, I shall proclaim a general amnesty and peace.

Gib. The farther I go, the less I understand.

Cec. Men, loose that noble marquis.

(*Men loose Marquis, who shakes and rubs himself*)

Gib. That the marquis! What do I hear?

Cec. Men, loose that ignoble thief. (*Men loose Bonne.*) And now let us hope that the events of a night may be useful to us all. To you—(*To Bonne.*)—let them teach the necessity of abandoning a mode of life so wicked.

Bon. But, madame—

Cec. Hush—not a word. To you—(*To Gibelon.*)—let it be a warning never again to lock up your wife with a gay young marquis.

Gib. But, madame—

Cec. Hush, not a word. To you—(*To Marquis.*)—let it likewise prove a useful lesson. Let it teach you that you are not quite so irresistible as you supposed; and that there are women who can discern the difference between virtue and vice—although the former appears but in the form of a registrar of police, and the latter wears the glittering form of a noble marquis, and—(*Imitates him.*)—the nephew of a prime minister to boot.

Mar. But, madame—

Cec. Hush—not a word. Considering how late the hour is, and how fatiguing have been these events, I think it is time for us to separate; but first let me humbly intreat you—(*To audience.*)—like me, to pardon these two thieves, and graciously deign to take into your especial favour, Cousin Peter!

CURTAIN.

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